

A new Ballad of Robin Hood, William Scadlock, and Little John :

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A Narrative of their Victory obtained against the Prince of Aragon and the two Gyants : And how William Scadlock married the Princess.

To the Tune of, *Robin Hood, or, Hey down, down a down.*

NOW Robin Hood, Will Scadlock, and little John,
are walking over the plain,
With a good fat buck which William Scadlock
with his strong bow had slain.
Jog on, jog on, crys Robin Hood,
the day it runs full fast,
For though my Nephew me a breakfast gave,
I have not yet broke my fast.
Then to yender lodge, let us take our way,
I think it wondrous good,
Where my Nephew by my bold Peomen,
shall be welcom'd unto the green wood.
With that he took the bugle-horn,
full well he cou'd it blow :
Str eight from the woods came marching down
one hundred tall fellows and mo.
Stand, stand to your arms, crys Will Scadlock,
to the enemies are with in ken :
With that Robin Hood he laugh'd a loud,
cryes, They are my bold Peomen.
Who when they arriv'd, and Robin espy'd,
cry'd, Quoth, What is your will :
We thought you had in danger been,
your horn did sound so full.
Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
the danger is past and gone,
I shoud have you to welcome my Nephew here,
that hath paid me two for one.
In feasting and sporting they pass'd the day,
till Phoebus sunk into the Deep :
Then each one to his quarters hy'd,
his guard there for to keep.
Long had they not walk'd within the green wood,
but Robin he was espy'd,
Of a beautiful Damself all a lone,
tho' on a black palfrey did ride.
Her riding-suit was of sable hew black,
ryppes over her face,
through which her rose-like cheeks did blush
all with a comely grace.
Come tell me the cause thou pitty one,
quoth Robin, and tell me aright,
From whence thou comest, and whether thou goest,
all in this mournful plight ?
From London I came, the Damself reply'd,
from London upon the Thames,
Which circled is, O grief to tell,
besieg'd with foreign arms :
By the proud Prince of Aragon,
who swears by his martial hand,
To have the Princess to his Spouse,
or else to waste this Land.
Except that Champions can be found,
that are figher three to three,
Against the Prince, and Gyants twain,
most gorie for to see :
With forty thousand looks, and eyes like brands,
strike terror where they come,
With serpents on their helms,
in stead of feathered plume.
The Princess shall be the Victor's prize,
the King hath so ordain'd,
And he that shall the conquest win,
shall have her to his Bride.
Now to are four Danfells sent abroad,
to the East, West, North, and South,
To try whose fortune is so good,
to find their Champions forth.
But all in vain we have sought about,
yet none to bold there are,
That dare adventure life and blood,
to free a Lady fair.
When is the day ? quoth Robin Hood,
tell me this, and no more.
On Wednesday next, the Damself said,
which is June the twenty four.
With that the tears trickled down her cheeks,
and silent was her tongue,
With sighs and sobs she took her leave,
away her palfrey flying.
This news struck Robin to the heart,
he fell down on the grass,
Disaction, and his troubled mind,
how he perplex'd was.
Where lies your grief ? quoth Will Scadlock,
O Master tell to me,
If the Damself's eyes have pierc'd your heart,
I'll fetch her back to thee.
Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
It doth not cause my siner,
But it is the poor distressed Princess,
that wounds me to the heart.
I will go fight the Gyants all,
to free the Lady fair.
The Devil take my soul, quoth little John,
if I part with thy company.
Must I stay behind ? quoth Will Scadlock,
no, no, that must not be,
I'll make the third man in the fight,
so we shall be three to three.
These words cheer'd Robin at the heart,
for none brighten his face,
Within his arms he braced him both,
and ready did he stand.

Quoth he, Will it be so? with
with loosing us in our hands,
A scarp and battle by our sides,
as come from the holy Land:
So may we pass along the high way,
none will ask from whence we came,
two But take us for pilgrims for to be,
or else some holy men.

Now they are on their journey gone,
as fast as they may speak,
Per for all hat, ere they arriv'd,
the Princess forth was led,
To be delivered to the Prince,
who in the List so stand,
Prepar'd to fight, or else receive
his Lady by the hand.

With that he wak't about the Lists,
with Gyants by his side,
Bring forth, quoth he, your Champions,
or bring me forth my Bride:
This is the four and twenty day,
the day perfect upon,
Bring forth my Bride, London burns,
I swear by Acharon.

Then crys the King and Queen likewise,
both weeping as they speak,
Lo we have brought our Daughter dear,
whom we are forc'd to forsake.
With that slept out bold Robin Hood,
crys, My Leige it must not be so:
Such beauty as the fair Princess,
is not for a Tyrant's mow.

The Prince he then began to storm,
crys, Fool, fanatick, baboon,
How darest thou stop my valour's prize?
I'll kill thee with a crown.

Thou Tyrant, Turk, thou Infidel,
thus Robin began to reply,
Thy frowns I scorn, lo here's my gage,
and thus I thee defy:

And for those two Goliaths there,
that stand on either side,
Here are two little Davids by,
that soon can tame their pride.
Then did the King for armour send,
for lances, swords, and shields;
And thus all three in armour bright,
came marching to the field.

The trumpets began to sound a charge,
each singled out his man,
Their arms in pieces soon where hew'd,
blood spurring from every vein:
The Prince he reacht Robin a blow,
he struck with might and main,
Which forc'd him tell about the field,
as though he had been slain.

God-a-mercy, quoth Robin, for that blow,
the quarter shall soon be try'd
This stroke shall show a full divorce,
betwixt thee and thy Bride.
So from his shoulder he cut his head,
which on the ground did fall,
And grumbled fore at Robin Hood,
to be so dealt withal.

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Thou's be the next, quoth little John,
except thou well guard thy head:
With that his faulcon he wher'd about,
it was both keen and sharp,
He clove the Gyant to the belt,
and cut in twain his heart.

Will Scadlock well had play'd his part,
the Gyant he brought to his knee,
Quoth he, The Devil cannot break his fast,
unless he have you all three:
So with his faulcon he run him through;
a deep and gaspily wound,
Who ramb'd and foam'd, curs'd & blasphem'd,
and then fell to the ground.

Now all the Lists with sheets were fill'd,
the skies they hid refuld,
Which brought the Princess to herself,
who was fall'n in a swoond.
The King, and Queen, and Princess fair,
came walkin' to the place,
And gave the champion many thanks,
and did them further grace.

Tell me, quoth the King, whence you are,
that thus disguised came,
Whose valour speaks, that noble blood,
doth run through every vein?
A boon, a boon, quoth Robin Hood,
on my knees I beg and crave.
By my crown, quoth the King, I grant,
ask what, and thou shalt have.

Then pardon I beg for my merry men,
which are with in the green wood,
for little John, and Will Scadlock,
and for me too Robin Hood.
Art thou Robin Hood then? quoth the King,
for the valour you have shown,
Fear pardons I do freely grant,
and welcome every one.

The Princess I promised the Victor's prize,
she cannot have you all three:

She shall chuse, quoth Robin; faith little John
Then little share falls to me.

Then did the Princess wiew all three,
with a comely lovely grace,
Who took Will Scadlock by the hand,
quoth, Were I make my choice.

With that a noble Lord slept forth,
of Maxfield Ca I was he,
Who lookt Will Scadlock in the face,
then wept most bitterly:
Quoth he, I had a son like thee,
whom I lov'd wondrous well,
But he's gone, or rather dead,
his name is young Gamwell.

Then did Will Scadlock fall on his knees,
cries, Father, father here,
Here kneels your son, your young
you said you lov'd so dear.
But Lord what embracing, and how
when all these friends where
They are gone to the wedding
and so I bid you good-night.